

# SING OUT!

A Peoples Artists Publication

Volume I Number 4

January, 1951



TOMORROW IS A HIGHWAY  
A SONG FOR PAUL ROBESON

# Correspondence



From St. Louis

Dear Editor:

Would just like to say that the last issue seems to have good lasting qualities, especially in the songs, out here. Haven't managed to sing Betty's ballad yet ("In Contempt" -- Vol. 1 #6), but in trying it out we all liked it, and she and Aaron Kramer should be congratulated.

I was able to get them to like Ariran (Vol. 1 #6) out here mostly through teaching Bob Black (a guest from Illinois University) to play it as a beautiful mandolin melody and with obligato to it. This sold it to them, even though the melody is a bit strange to the uninitiated and a bit tricky. Must close now.

Waldemar Hille  
Saint Louis

## Sing Out

Vol. 1  
No. 8



January  
1951

Copyright 1951 by People's Artists Inc., 106 E. 14th St., NYC. All rights reserved. \$2.00 per year, 25¢ per copy. Pub. monthly.

Editor Ernie Lieberman  
Art Editor Ray Gordon  
Music Staff Serge Hovey, Herb  
Haufrecht, Jim Hutchinson  
Circulation Mgr. Laura Duncan  
Executive Sec. Irwin Silber

CONTRIBUTORS: Paul Robeson,  
Howard Fast, Pete Seeger, Alan  
Lomax, Wally Hille, Walter Low-  
enfels, Earl Robinson, Sidney  
Finkelstein, Aaron Kramer.

From Czechoslovakia

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the first two copies of SING OUT which you sent us and which we found extremely interesting. I hope we will be receiving it regularly. As you requested, we have put you on our mailing list, so I hope by now you are acquainted with the IUS (International Union of Students), what it stands for and what its activities are in the field of peace, democratization of education and national independence. Now we have a request to make of you.

At the IUS World Student Congress, which was held in August in Prague, it was decided to devote more space in forthcoming issues of World Student News, the IUS magazine, to cultural matters of interest to students.

As one of the first steps to implement this decision, we are writing to ask you to nominate someone to write for World Student News an article of some 1,000 words on American folk music. Here are some of the points we feel should be covered:

The important role of the work song in the development of America (the Revolution, anti-slavery movement, westward expansion, industrialization); music as a political weapon (especially union organizing and today, its role in the fight for peace and against Jim Crow); roots of American folk music; what People's Artists is doing.

We look forward to hearing from you soon -- and receiving more copies of SING OUT.

With best wishes to you in your work,

Cordially  
T. A. Madden  
International Union of Students  
Prague, Czechoslovakia

## 53

TOMORROW IS  
A HIGHWAY

Copyright 1950  
Folkways Music  
Publishing Inc.  
All Rights Reserved  
including public per-  
formance for profit.

A song for the new year and a new day. Try it with altos and basses taking the melody, sopranos and tenors the harmony.

Moderately

To - mor - row is a \_\_ high - way broad and  
fair, And we \_\_ are the man-y who'll trav- el there. To -  
mor - row is a \_\_ high - way broad and fair, And we are the  
work-ers who'll build it there; And we will build it there.

2. Come, let us build a way for all mankind.

A way, to leave this evil year behind,  
To travel onward to a better year  
Where love is, and there will be no fear,  
Where love is, and no fear.

3. Now is the shadowed year when evil men,  
When men of evil thunder war again.  
Shall tyrants once again be free to tread  
Above our most brave and honored dead?  
Our brave and honored dead.

4. O, comrades, come and travel on with me,  
We'll go to our new year of liberty.  
Come, walk upright, along the people's way,  
From darkness, unto the people's day.  
From dark, to sunlit day.

5. Tomorrow is a highway broad and fair  
And hate and greed shall never travel there  
But only they who've learned the peaceful way  
Of brotherhood, to greet the coming day.  
We hail the coming day.

Used by permission

# ... SO YOU WANNA BUY A GUITAR

An authoritative article

—by Joe Jaffe—

If you want to get a decent instrument, you'll have to buy a new Martin or Gibson or one of the hand-made Spanish varieties ranging from sixty-five up to a few thousand dollars. If you have the dough, swell--don't read this article; it's intended for the poorer class.

At this point someone tells me skeptically that they've seen good guitars for \$5, \$10, \$15. "Why, they have strings and all, bright colors, and you can comb your hair in the shiny wood." Vehemently I reply that they represent a capitalistic plot to take in a large unsuspecting market. These "guitars" are made of inferior grain, unseasoned wood, sound tinny, would give Frankenstein sore fingers, and their hard shiny varnish only kills the tone some more.

The solution is to get a second-hand instrument in some pawn shop or old music store. I'll tell you how to spot a good one before it falls into the clutches of those hateful enthusiasts who stuff their closets with instruments they never play.

First of all, we want to get the round-hole, flat-top guitar since this type has the most resonant sound. The f-hole variety only sounds good when electrically amplified and is usually used for swing-band playing. Now if you're lucky, you'll find a hand-made "classical" model. These are distinguished by a very wide and thin keyboard, a thin-wood face and a characteristic bridge with horizontal string holes. These are the best of guitars and their playing gives real pleasure. Their appearance is usually duller due to the soft varnish used.

Look at the face of your guitar. It should have the close, straight grain of good spruce and is usually light-colored. The back and sides are usually of darker short-grained mahogany, or in the better models, or red-brown richly flowing-grain rosewood.

The keyboard on a good instrument is made of smooth, black ebony, though



rosewood is used too. If there are two cut-out channels in the wood of the gear box, this alone will usually denote a good guitar.

The most important thing for beginners is the string action. You can always spot a cheap guitar since you can put your hand in the space between the keyboard and the strings. The strings shouldn't be more than 1/8 inch from the keyboard or terrible blisters and frustration will ensue. If the action is bad due to warping, it sometimes pays to straighten out an obviously superior instrument. Action can be improved by filing down the notches on the nut and bridge and by changing the strings to the silk and steel variety.

Good hunting!

# 54 Le Chant Des Partisans

The song that rallied the French people to the defense of their land, it is probably the most important and best known song in France next to "La Marseillaise". It begins quietly, grows stronger to its climax in the last verse, then recedes as the first verse is repeated. Tension and excitement can be added by modulating a half tone higher on each verse, returning to the tonic on the finale. Sing it militantly.



A - mi en-tends - tu le vol lourd des cor -  
 A - mi en-tends - tu les cris sourds du pa -  
 beaux sur la plai - ne? Oh - e par - ti -  
 ys qu'on en - chaf - ne? Ce soir l'en - ne -  
 sans, ouv - ri - ers et pa - y - sans c'est l'a - lar - me!  
 mi con-naî - tra le prix du sang et des lar - mes!

Mon tez de la mine, descendez des collines camarades!  
 Sortez de la paille les fusils, la mitraille les grenades!  
 Ohé les tueur, à la balle ou au couteau, tuez vite!  
 Ohé saboteur, attention à ton fardeau Dynamite!

C'est nous qui brisons les barreaux des prisons pour nos frères  
 La haine à nos trousse et la faim qui nous pousse la misère  
 Il est des pays où les gens au creux des lits font des rêves  
 Ici, nous, vois-tu, nous on marche, nous l'on tue, nous l'on crève!  
 Ici chacun sait ce qu'il veut, ce qu'il fait quand il passe  
 Ami, si tu tombes, un ami sort de l'ombre prend ta place  
 Demain du sang noir séchera au grand soleil sur la route  
 Sifflez, compagnons, dans la nuit la liberté Nous écout!

Oh friend can you hear, hear the flight overhead of the raven?  
 Oh friend can you hear, hear the faint muffled cry of our country?  
 Arise partisans, rise you tillers of the land, rise you workers.  
 The hangmen shall pay for the bloodshed and the tears and the sorrow!  
 Come down from the hills and come out of the mines, oh my comrades.  
 Dig up from the earth hidden rifles, grenades and machine-guns.  
 Tonight you shall kill, use your guns and use your knives; kill them swiftly!  
 Take care saboteur for it's precious dynamite that you carry.  
 It's we who are breaking the bonds that imprison our brothers.  
 Though hunger may haunt us, our hate is the food that sustains us.  
 Oh many the lands where the people in their slumber lie dreaming,  
 But here, here we march, here we fight and kill and die for our freedom!  
 For each of us knows what he wants, what he does as he passes.  
 My friend, if you fall, then a friend takes your place from the shadows.  
 At sunrise the blood of the raven will be dry on the highway!  
 Oh sing, comrades sing, through the night oh comrades sing. Freedom listen!

# NEW YORK to WARSAW

By Betty Sanders

The following article consists of excerpts from a letter by Betty Sanders to People's Artists. Betty was People's Artists' delegate to the World Peace Congress in Warsaw. The Congress was originally scheduled for Sheffield, England, but due to difficulties created by the British Government, it was changed to Warsaw.

The bus ride from London to Sheffield was symbolic of the whole world peace movement. We were Americans, Iranians, Bulgarians, Ceylonese, Indians, Africans, and others -- about 45 of us in all. One of the Indian delegates was a poet and singer and so we were immediately introduced. I didn't have a guitar, but with the aid of rhythmic hand-clapping we did a most creditable job of "Put My Name Down" (Vol. 1, No. 3). They loved it and sang it again and again. This was followed by the Indian poet's verses. His name is Harindrinath and he sent a message to People's Artists:

Where two hearts beat together to one cause;  
Where two minds think together in unison;  
Where two wills work together as one anvil --  
The anvil of peace --  
There does distance shrink into insignificance,  
And the myth of countries, the falsehood of races --  
Vanish like to a vapour at the rising of the sun.

It still seems most incredible and like from another world, which it is, that 2,000 of us were given special planes, trains, or boats -- complete maintenance -- the all out efforts of an entire nation, because we want peace and they love all defenders of peace. This, of course, was a much different picture from England. But it was a most important thing in my life to see what can be done, how efficiently, beautifully, with the people and all resources behind it.

We landed in Prague on a Tuesday evening and unsuspectingly stepped out of the plane. There were about a hundred young people with more flowers than I've ever seen. They shouted a greeting -- a welcome. Somehow that moment will always be for me, the essence of the new democracies. I was afraid in that moment, as they ran towards us, that I'd never make it without crying. But as they swept us up --



as a young boy of about fifteen grabbed me and kissed me, as we were each hugged and given more flowers, I knew that we were allowed to have wet eyes here.

Perhaps if we'd not all been through Southampton a few days before, the shock of this would not have been so dramatic. But I'm sure that each of us in one way or another, realized that only four or five hours before, and for many years before, we'd been behind the iron curtain.

(continued on page 15)

# TWO LULLABIES



## 55 CHIPPEWA INDIAN

Indian lullabies developed gradually from gentle crooning sounds with which mothers soothed little children. Lullabies were not dignified by the name song. It was sometimes only an endless tune, but some tribes had distinct melodies such as the Chippewa and Menominee.

Musical notation for the Chippewa Indian lullaby, consisting of two staves of music in 2/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, using a single note and a half note. The lyrics are "Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa".

Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa

Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa Wa

## 56 NEGRO CREOLE

This Negro Creole lullaby is sung in an almost identical form in Haiti. It was probably brought here by the slaves of those French planters who escaped to Louisiana after the successful revolt of the Haitian Negroes.

Musical notation for the Negro Creole lullaby, consisting of three staves of music in 2/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, using a single note and a half note. The lyrics are in French and English, and the music is accompanied by chords (Dm, G, C, Am, A, Eb, F, G, C, F, G, A).

Fais do do mon fils cra-be dans ca-la-lou  
Go to sleep my child crabs are in the pot

Fais do do mon fils cra-be dans ca-la-lou Pa-Pa li  
Go to sleep my child crabs are in the pot. Pa he's gone

cou-ri la ri-viere Ma-ma - li - cou-ri pe-cher crabe.  
to the ri-ver-side Ma she's gone off catch-ing crab.

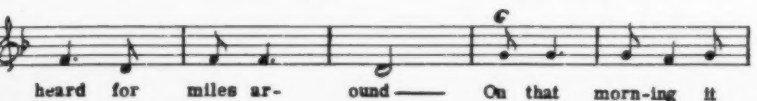
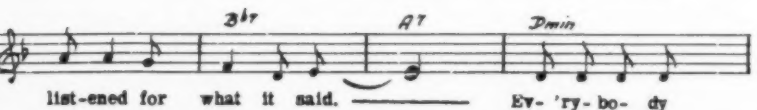
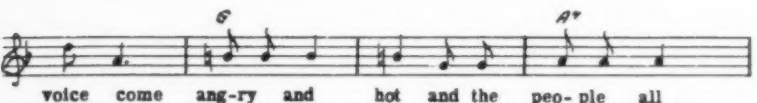
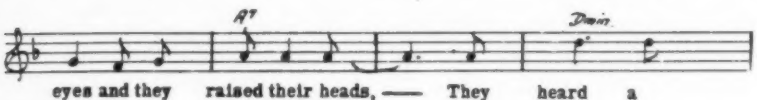
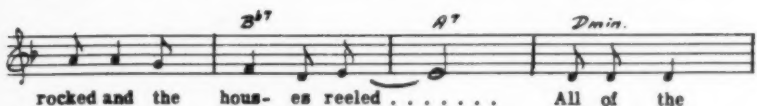
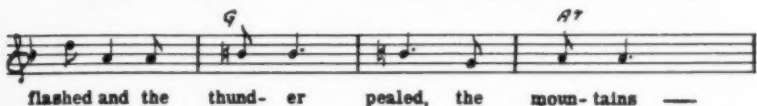
THE CHILD THAT WALKED

# 57 Around The World

Words and Music  
by BERNIE ASBEL

This song was written for Chicago's "Salute to Paul Robeson", a few years ago. While it is a fantasy, the facts it is based on are true.

Rhythmically *Dmin*





had the sound — of a voice as loud as his to-

-ry, Deep as rage, and wide — as mi-se-

-ry. AC- -ROSS THE PLAINS AND

'ROUND THE WORLD, IT SHOOK THE CHAINS THAT

BOUND THE WORLD. — (2) T'was

*Repeat 4 times  
last time to fine*

Verse 2:

It was early on that Monday morn  
In a preacher's house a little boy was born,  
Opened his eyes and he stood up proud,  
Raised his fist and he hollered out loud,  
Show me the school where I got to go,  
I got to learn everything there is to know,  
Got to learn about sufferin' and slavery,  
Got to study the laws and the history . . .  
Got to find who's weak and make him strong,  
Go to the people and bring them a song,  
When I holler the ocean swirls,  
I'll boom so loud you can hear it  
ROUND THE WORLD.  
(REFRAIN:)

Verse 3:

He started walking where the world began  
That little boy walked like he was a man,  
Swam the lakes and he leaped the river,  
Saw men dig coal and the children shiver,  
Saw the harvest of golden wheat,  
People worried 'bout bread to eat,  
Saw men made afraid of their own akin,  
He saw the evil and he saw the sin. . .  
From the end of the world he walked along  
With a worried mind as he hummed a song,  
Then he stopped and let out a roar,  
Said, Lord, I'm troubled and I  
Can't sing anymore.  
(REFRAIN:)

Verse 4:

People heard the roar, ran to the door,  
And they saw the boy who couldn't sing anymore,  
Walking on a road that wound and curled  
Just like it came from 'round the world,  
He called to the people who were standing there,  
Said I been a-walking most everywhere,  
Studied the laws and the history,  
I've seen the sufferin' and the misery,  
Saw Jews walk together 'cross the big Red Sea,  
Slaves walk together from slavery,  
People together in their misery  
Got to walk together or they never will be free.  
(REFRAIN:)

Verse 5:

The people gathered about that child,  
The boy looked around and then he smiled,  
Cried, "Follow me", and then he strode  
With great big steps down Freedom Road,  
Everybody quiet as they walked along,  
Then they joined in a freedom song,  
Singing loud and behind them more  
People coming as they passed every door,  
A song of freedom and the crowd was led  
By a giant of a man walking up at the head,  
You're going to hear that singing one fine day,  
Come out to the gate, he's going to be  
Coming your way.  
(No refrain at end.)

# FORMING A CHORUS

This is the fourth in a series of articles by Ralph Ditchik, conductor and composer. He is now teaching a class and workshop in choral conducting at the Metropolitan Music School, 18 West 74th St., in New York. The School especially encourages trade union, community, and youth organizations to send people to this class in order to develop their own musical leadership.

## B. WHAT IS SINGING?

Singing is the expression of musical ideas through the human voice. This raises two important questions:

1. What is a musical idea?
2. How can the voice express the content of a musical idea?

### I. A MUSICAL IDEA

(a.) It is often thought that music is necessarily vague, intangible, elusive. But this is not true. The materials of music are as real as the materials of spoken language, and the ideas expressed with these materials can be as concrete in music as in speech. Both music and speech use sounds to convey ideas. In speech the sounds are words; in music, tones. In vocal music the two "languages" are employed together.

(b.) Rhythms and tones:- Rhythms and tones comprise the materials of musical ideas. Rhythm is simply the organized groupings of tones establishing: 1. A life-line or pulse through the whole; 2. Definite and different quantitative and dynamic values for the tones.

(c.) The meaning of musical ideas:- A question often asked is: "What does this music say? What does it mean?"

1. As long as we hold to the notion that spoken language is adequate to define and express the entire known world, then of course it follows that anything which defies precise description through the media of speech lies outside this known world. Consequently, into the mystical witch's brew we fall.

2. Now the world of music is not a world in its own. Music conveys ideas of our real material world -- our own lives. Since the composer, as any mortal being, lives in our world, and in our world only, whatsoever may take place in other worlds -- in heaven, hell, or on the moon -- has no influence on what musical symbols the composer puts down on a five-line piece of paper. They can have to do only with what the composer knows and experiences.

3. Well now, what is it that music can say that is in the realm of our known world and which is different from what can be expressed precisely through spoken language? The answer is: the realm of human feelings, and the qualities of social experience.

4. The concreteness of a musical idea, then, has nothing to do with the projection of a specific event, but rather with the projection of a specific quality with great economy. Thus the use of sequence and repetitions, developments and disintegrations, help to concretize musical ideas by showing the many faces, the insides and the outsides, the active and the latent implications of a stated idea or group of phrases.

(continued on page 16)

# 58 Fortress of Democracy

Music by George Levine  
Words by George Levine  
and Arthur Kevers

The struggle for academic freedom is sharper now than ever before. In honoring the birthday of Franklin Roosevelt we print his words -- through this song -- to inspire the students of today as they did those of yesterday. Sing it with conviction.

With Strength

A G F#m G

I heard the voice of Frank - lin D. Said  
A fort - ress of de - moc - ra - cy Where

F#m A Bm Em A

make your Un - i - ver - sit - y A fort - ress of dem -  
ac - a - dem - ic li - ber - ty Gives all who dare to

2nd and 3rd

D Bm Em G(A7) times 1. A7 2. D D7

o - cra - cy that Free - dom may en - dure Where  
dis - a - gree the right to be se - cure.

G D

stu - dents and their teach - ers of

F#m D F#m D7 G

ev - 'ry race and creed, May search for truth to -

Bm Em E(major) A

geth - er Where - ev - er truth may lead.

Sing to second ending:

So build the dream of Franklin D.,  
And make your university  
A fortress of democracy,  
That freedom may endure.

## 59

## SCHNEIDER MECK

In this old German folk song, the story is told of how 90 tailors came together on the tip of a church steeple, ate one fried flea, drank from one thimble, danced on the tip of a needle, crept into one scissor, were frightened by a little mouse, and fled through a key-hole. For "anyone who is a real tailor weighs seven pounds or he's not really healthy". A cheery nonsense song that Betty Sanders has sung to appreciative audiences throughout the country.

Zu Re-gens-burg auf der Kirch-turm-spitz, da  
 ka - men die Schnei-der z'samm. Da rit - ten ih - rer  
 neun - zig, ja neun - mal neun - und neun - zig auf  
 ei - nem Gok - kel - hahn. Wi - de - wi - de - witt dem  
 Zieg - en - bock! Meck, meck, meck dem Schnei-der!  
 Juch - hei - ras - sa, Juch - hei - ras - sa. Zwirn raus!  
 (Spoken)  
 (three knocks) Wer Da? Schnei - der  
 meck, meck, meck, Schnei - der meck, meck, meck, Schneider  
 meck, meck, meck, juch - hei - ras - sa! Lasz die Na - del sau - sen!

Und als die Schneider Jahrestag hatten,  
Da waren sie alle froh.  
Da aszen ihrer neunzig,  
Ja neunmal neun-und-neunzig  
An lenem gebratenen Floh.  
(REFRAIN:)

Und als sie nun gegessen hatten,  
Da waren sie voller Mut.  
Da tranken ihrer neunzig,  
Ja neunmal neun-und-neunzig  
Aus einem Fingerhut.

Und als sie nun getrunken hatten,  
Da kammten sie in die Hitz.  
Da tanzten ihrer neunzig,  
Ja neunmal neun-und-neunzig  
Auf einer Nadelspitz.

Und als sie nun getanzt hatten,  
Da sah man sie nicht mehr.  
Da krochen ihrer neunzig,  
Ja neunmal neun-und-neunzig  
In eine Lichtputzscher.

Und als sie nun im Schlafen waren,  
Da knispelt eine Maus.  
Da schlupften ihrer neunzig,  
Ja neunmal neun-und-neunzig  
Zum Schluselloch hinaus.

Und was ein rechter Schneider ist,  
Der weiget sieben Pfund.  
Und wenn er das nicht wiegen tut,  
Ja wia-wia-wiegen tut,  
Dann ist er nicht gesund.



## Record Review by Jerry Ross

Decca has just released "The Roving Kind" on 78 RPM shellac disc. The word changes from the original ("Fireship", Vol. 3, No. 1, of People's Songs Bulletin) have done the song no good -- except perhaps to make it palatable for the commercial market (whatever that is). Even the usually fine singing of The Weavers suffers from the arranging: a rigid, unimaginative treatment. The other side (as so often happens) is far superior, with fine singing by the group and a superb bit by Pete Seeger on a lively ballad from the Bahamas, "The John B. Sails".

Sidney Finkelstein, in his book, "Jazz - A People's Music", rightfully bemoans the fact that a "great mass of the most beautiful music ever created in America is still locked away in the files of the commercial record companies." I have found a shop, well-known to many record enthusiasts, which has many repressings of old blues recordings: Commodore Music Shop, 136 E. 42nd St. I picked up Ma Rainey's recording of "See See Rider Blues" there, and I prize it more than any other disc in my collection.

Stinson Records has just released six sides of some of the best in American folk music. They are repressings of originals done a few years ago by Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, Sonny Terry, Josh White, and the late Huddie ("Leadbelly") Ledbetter (unbreakable records, catalog numbers 715, 716, 717). While they are poor reproductions with much surface noise -- due to the old originals from which they were made -- this does not detract too much from the musical and all-over ethnic value skirts of Town", "Boil Them Cabbage Down", "Hoboe's Lullaby", and "It Was Sad When That Great Ship Went Down".

\*\*\*Recommended Listening\*\*\*

# 61 LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

When the King took the best land and livestock for his own private reserves, the English Freemen decided to challenge his "God-given" power. Poaching became a popular endeavor to secure necessities for the table, and money for the pocket. (As you sing this tune you will notice its affinity to the currently popular "The Thing", which it antedates by a few hundred years.)

With Gusto

When I was bound ap-pren - tice in fa-mous Lincoln-shire, Full well I served my mas - ter for more than sev - en year, Till I took up to poach - ing, as you shall quick - ly hear. Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,  
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care,  
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump out anywhere.  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the year.

As me and my companions were setting four or five,  
And taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive.  
We took a hare alive, my boys, and through the woods did steer,  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the year.

I threw him on my shoulder and then we trudged home,  
We took him to a neighbor's house and sold him for a crown.  
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where.  
Oh 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the year.

Success to ev'ry gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,  
Success to ev'ry poacher that wants to sell a hare,  
Bad luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that will not sell his deer.  
Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the year.

## NEW YORK TO WARSAW

(Continued from Page 6)

Well, we got an ovation that Pinza would have been proud of. I left some SING OUTS with their leader and off we went on a tour to a hotel where we awaited the word to hop a sleeper train to Warsaw. The hotel was called "The Palace", and that's exactly what it looked like -- only liberated.

And so into the airport where about fifty high school and university students greeted us with songs and wine, and songs and food and songs and hugs and songs. They had discovered my guitar and so out it came. As well practised as we were by this time, I felt full confidence in the American delegation's ability to sing "Put My Name Down". I told the interpreter what the content was -- with a brother in Prague, of course -- and the people cheered before we'd even started to sing.

Since being in Warsaw I've recorded practically every new song and many oldies for various groups here; many radio programs; have taken part in the Joris Ivens Congress documentary, and I'm just about to find out about the Worker's Clubs and their cultural activity and do some concerts there. I will do that plus a few other things before I leave Warsaw. All my love to all of you.

Betty Sanders

## BOB WOLFE IN HOSPITAL

It is with the deepest regret that we announce that Bob Wolfe, former editor of SING OUT and previously Executive Secretary of People's Artists, is laid up in the hospital.

Friends and readers who would like to write to Bob can send letters to: Robert Wolfe

Montefiore Hospital - South 1  
E. Gunhill Rd. and Bainbridge Ave.  
Bronx, N. Y.



Hally Wood has come up with a new set of lyrics to "The Whole Wide World Around" (People's Songs, Vol. 2, No. 6), dedicated to the victims of the Long Island Railroad disaster. It was used by a chorus at a memorial meeting for the people who lost their lives in the tragic accident.

Betty Sanders met an old friend at the Peace Congress in Warsaw -- Liu Lang Mo, who was a delegate from China. Readers will remember Liu who first introduced Chee Lai to American audiences and also brought numerous other Chinese folk songs and fighting songs to our attention.

"The Story of an American Mother", a 15-minute dramatic dance about Rosa Lee Ingram, has been created and is being performed by the Harlem Dance and Theater Workshop. Organizations interested in booking the performance can contact the group at 16½ West 131st St., New York City.

The birthday of Franklin D. Roosevelt falls during January. Singers might want to use "Ballad of FDR", which has a choral arrangement (People's Songs, Vol. 3, No. 12), or "The Face on the Dime", published commercially.

A record album of the songs from "Nat Turner", the new play by People's Drama in New York, is being planned. Al Moss, Mort Freeman, Charles Riley are among those working on it.

**SIGNS OF THE TIMES:** A Florida manufacturer has turned out a roll of toilet paper which plays "Happy Days Are Here Again" when the paper is pulled down. Draw your own conclusion.

## ADDITIONAL VERSES FOR "DECORUM"

Due to difficulties of space, the additional verses to "Decorum" were omitted from the October issue of SING OUT. You can get the music and first verse by ordering the October issue. Just send 25¢ to People's Artists, 106 East 14th Street, NYC.

A witness took the stand.  
A tall and handsome labor spy,  
I guess you know the brand.  
The lawyer caught him in a lie.  
The prosecutor hit the sky.  
"Your Honor, I object."  
"Quite correct! I elect  
Objection to sustain."

The prosecutor said,  
"Your Honor, you are so correct."  
The Judge then scratched his head.  
"If they should talk, why you object.  
And I will help in this respect:  
Objection I'll sustain."  
What a brain! What a frame!  
We'll drive them all insane.

### CHORUS

### CHORUS

Now people through the land  
Are wondering how this all can be.  
They cannot understand;  
If this is a democracy  
Why isn't every lawyer free  
To exercise his right  
To fight! With all his might!  
His client to defend.

---

## FORMING A CHORUS (Continued From Page 10)

### 2. EXPRESSING THE CONTENT OF A MUSICAL IDEA

(a.) It is the job of the conductor, therefore, to communicate the content of a piece of music to the chorus so that the performance will best expose this content to the audience.

(b.) If the content of the musical ideas were not adequately expressed, it would be like talking without modulating the voice (in pitch or dynamics), without accenting important words, or without grouping rhythmically phrases or ideas that belong together. Try it! If speech were delivered this way, it would be possible to understand the content, but one would say the person delivering the speech had no understanding of it. The same with singing!

(c.) Therefore the necessity to be perfectly clear about the lengths of phrases, the beginnings, the ends, the weights of phrases in relation to each other, the inner structure of these phrases, the points of greatest tension, the points of relaxation, the climaxes and the relative heights of these climaxes, the growths and disintegrations of the material, the sudden turning points, the qualities: sharp, smooth, flowing, incisive, jagged, piercing, brittle, pliant, explosive, delicate, bold, open, subtle, precise, massive, humorous, witty, hilarious, biting, ironic, etc.

### 3. CONCLUSION

What, then, is the first problem of singing?

To discover the content of the music and to convey this content with clarity.

(To Be Continued)



■

at  
e

it  
,  
s  
,  
n

of  
h  
a,  
-  
g  
,  
,

)